

112 **Pasquils Palinodia,** 26

AND

His progresse to the Tauerne,

Where after the suruey of the SELLAR,
you are presented

WITH

A pleasant pynce of Poeticall Sherry.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vinere carmina possunt
qua scribuntur aqua potoribus. Horac: ad mecenatem.*



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APPROBATIO.

*Innocuos censura potest permittere lusus,
Lasciua est nobis pagina, vita proba est.*


Sic censeo

M. Valerius Martialis.



THE PRINTER

To the Reader.

ENTLEMEN, I vnderstand that the AVTHOR is so farre out of patience, to heare that this Pasquill is prest for the publike view, which was intended onely for the private satisfaction of his peculiar friends, that hee will not greet the READER so much as with a Letter of Commendations; yet considering that in these dayes we are altogether carryed away with Passions, and that it is quite beside the custome to put forth a Poem, without a Dedicatorie preamble, let mee I pray you make bold, for want of a better scholler, to salute the courteous Reader with a few words of Complement. Who the Author is I know not, & therefore on his behalfe I will be silent; yet I heare that hee is of the minde of that merry Huntsman, which would neither giue nor sell his Hare, but when he saw the Trauailer gallop away with her, and that hee was out of hope to haue her againe, he cryed out, Take her, Gentleman, I will bestow her on you. Concerning the Poem, although I shall be thought to be sutor ultra crepidam, yet in my opinion, it is a tollerable Pint of Poeticall Sherry, and if the Muses Seller afford no worse wine, it will make Sacke better respected, and goe downe the merrier.

To the READER.

Virg. da
Linore.

What the peevish, puritanicall, and meager Zoilist out of
his malicious humour shall calumniate, it skills not, for as
the Proverbe is, aut bibat, aut abeat : This dish was not
drest to set his Dog-teeth on worke, and therefore if he like
not these Lettice, let him pull backe his lips, for as the Poet
saith, Non lux, non cibus est suavis illi,
Nec potus inuat, aut sapor lyxi,
Nec si pocula Iupiter propinet, &c.

He was borne with teeth, and grynd when he first came in-
to the world, he feedes upon snakes, drinks small-beere and
vinegar, keepe no good company, lives without charity,
and dyes without honestie; hic finis Zoili. *Notwithstand-
ing for the ingenious and candidous Readers, and all
those fat honest men which are of a franke and sociable
disposition, I dare be bold to promise, that this dish of drinke
will not be distastfull unto any of their stomackes, for as
they have bodies of a better constitution, so are their minds
more fairly qualified, and their iudgements free from
corruption : and therefore to their taste, in this Pint of
Poetrie dedicated, which if it seeme pleasant to their pa-
late, let mee be well payd for presenting them with it in
paper, and I rest satisfied.*

Libellus ad Lectorem ex Martiale.

Rumpitur invidia quidam, charissime Lector,
quod me turba legis, rumpitur invidia,
Rumpitur invidia, quod scis invidiam amicum,
quod conditum frequens, rumpitur invidia,
Rumpitur invidia, quod amantur, quodq; probantur,
rumpatur, qui quis rumpitur invidia.

Non minus cure: nam una secula nostra
medici convulsus quam placuisse Cocui.

Pasquils



Pasquils Palinodia,

OR,

His Pynte of Poetrie.

LOe. I the man whose Muse whilome did play
A *horne-pipe* both to Country and the Citie,
Am now againe enioyn'd to sing or say,
And tune my *crowde* vnto another ditty,
To comfort Moone-fac'd *Cuckolds*, that were sad,
My Muse before was all in *hornes* yclad;
But now she marcheth forth and on her backe
She weares a Corset of old *Sherry Sacke*.

Therefore it is not as in dayes of yore,
When bloud-shed and fierce battailes were her song
And when her Trumpets did *Tantara* rōre
Till all her murth'ring Souldiers lay along,
A milder tune she now playes on her strings,
And *Carrols* to good company she sings,
To all good fellowes that are wise in *Season*,
Listen a while and you shall know the *reason*.

*The Dedic-
ation.*

Long had she Chaunted for the *horned Crew*
And reap'd no praise nor penny from their hands,
Nor cup of drinke, which is a *Fidlers* due
(As every good companion vnderstands)
And therefore vnregarded being dry,
My *Muse* grew melancholy out a-cry,
And angry forth she runs into the streetes,
Curling each churlish *Cuckold* which she meetes.

Pasquils Palinodia.

When I beheld her in that moody vaine,
Which wont to be so blythe and full of sport,
After I ran, to call her home againe,
Least she might chaunce to meete some man of sort,
Some wealthy tradesman, that had been *Cornuted*,
Of whose large hornes it must not be disputed,
And in this crabbed humour fall to rayle,
And so be had to *Counter*, without bayle.

When I my fullen Muse had ouertooke,
I gan reprove her for her wilde behauiour,
And charg'd her to returne, as she did looke
Euer to be receiu'd into my fauour:
But she as mad, as is in *March a Hare*,
Did like vnto a *Bedlam* stampe and flare,
And for an houre her patience was so weake,
And rage so prest her, that shee could not speake.

At last when passion was a little sway'de,
And that the raynes of fury gan to slacke,
A thousand curles on the head, she said:
Of euery *Cuckold*, that cries *What doe I lacke*,
May all their hornes grow visible to sight,
May they proue lealous, and their women light,
And care not who looke on, that all may geere
And laugh aloud when their *Rams-heads* appeare.

And may discredit, scorne and fowle disdaine
Light on the hornes of euery *Englishe* Goate,
Vngratefull churles, that reward my paine
Not with so much, as with a single goate:
Haue I wip'd off the scurrilous disgrace
Which euery *Varlet* cast vpon their face,
And righted all their wrongs, yet none so kinde,
As with faire words to shew a thankfull minde.

If

Pasquils Palinodia.

If I had Chronicld the hungry *Rats*
Which eate vp Corne, and made prouision deare,
Or Registred what price a Cade of *Sprats*,
And pickt'd *Herrings*, bare in such a yeare,
What grim-fac'd *Collier* stood vpon the *Pillary*,
And who did march most brauely at *Th'artillary*,
Or how men walk'd on *Thames* the last great fust,
Then I am sure my paynes had not been oft.

But I haue labour'd to redeeme their fame,
And list their heads to honour with my pen,
Disolud all Clouds that did obscure the same,
And ranckt them with the worthiest sorts of men,
I crown'd their *horns* with *bayes*, & grac'd the more
Then euer any Muse hath done before,
And yet no *Cuckold* from the forked rankes,
Puts out his *weathers-face* to giue me thanks.

If for their *wines* I had my lampe-oyle spent,
And in their seruice drawne my Inke-horne dry,
Those louing creatures would withall content
Haue sought me out, my loue to gratifie,
Kisses and confections had falne with my wishes,
And many other delicats in dishes,
And euen the pen, that writ in their defence,
Should haue beene *gilded* for my recompence.

Haplesse was I to leaue those gentle *Soules*,
Poore *wormes*, that suffer more then all men see,
And take the part of peruerse *Tobermols*,
Void of good *nature*, *loue*, and *courtesie*,
Now I perceiue my error, and repent
That I against them was so vehement,
And that the world may know that I am turned,
Here I doe with those bitter lines were burned.

For

Rasquils Palindodia.

For now I finde those *Dones* are Innocent,
And that the *Cuckold* chiefly is in fault,
Whose stubborne carriage, and sterne regiment
Makes vpright women many times to halt:

For when a man is of a fowre condition,
Churlish and froward in his disposition,
It thrusts such things into a womans minde
As she nere dream'd on, if he had beene kinder.

And blame her not, for she is not of *Steele*,
Nor made of *Iron*, *Brasse*, or such hard *Mettle*,
Neither so sencelesse that she cannot feele
When she is vs'd as *Tinkers* doe a *Kettle*,

She is a tender thing, refin'd and pure,
And harsh rough handling cannot well endure,
But like a *Venice-Glasse*, she breakes asunder,
When boistrous man will strine to keep her vnder.

Let the mad *Cuckold* ponder his wiues case
In equall ballance iustly with his owne,
And he shall finde, that she doth onely trace
His crooked footsteps; for if she but frowne,
Or somewhat sharply speake a word or two,
When good occasion moues her so to doe,
Then straight he calls her halfe a dozen whores,
And to the *Tauerne* gets him out of doores.

And what is then his prattle with his mates
His fellow Drunkards, sitting for the pot?
There he begins the story, and relates
What an infernall fury he hath got,

An euermlasting *Scold*, thats neuer quiet
But checks him for his company, and ryot,
Why bang her well quoth one, for by this quart,
If she were my wife, I would breake her heart.

Pasquils Palinodeia.

Well, quoth another, fill a cup of *Sacke*,
And let all *Scolds* be damb'd as deepe as hell,
Abridge her maintenance, and from her backe
Pull her proud clothes; for they doe make her swell.
And thus in diuelish counsell there they sit,
Till with old *Sherry* they haue drown'd their wit,
Then druncke, at mid-night, home the knaue doth
And beats his wife; and spues, & fals asleep. (creep,

There lyes the beast vntill hee rise againe
Next day at twelue, when being not halfe well,
A haire of *Bacchus* dog must cure the paine
In which by last nights surfeiting hee fell :
Then he at *Tauerne*, as hee did before
Drincks himselfe drunck that day & many more,
And in this thriftles course his glasse doth runne
Till he runne out at heeles, and be vndone.

And what excuse doth then the *Bankrupt* frame
For his profuse and prodigall expence ?
Mary forsooth, his *Wife* did cause the same,
Against whose scolding tongue there's no defence:
For when a man at home cannot be merry,
Hee's forc'd to runne abroad to drinck old *Sherry* :
Thus shee, poore Turtle, wrong and slander beares,
Who sits meane while at home in griefe & teares.

Shall this most false and slanderous accusation
Be currant for the man, and his abuse ?
And shall a woman suffer condemnation,
And not be heard to speake in her excuse ?
It is too great a wrong, and most vniust,
The weaker to the wall should thus be thrust,
And when she hath a more indifferent cause
To be deny'd the fauour of the lawes.

B

Shall

Pasquills Palinodia.

Shall a vast vnthrif with a false pretence
Wrong his poore wife, and be exempt from blame?
And shall a woman which hath iust offence,
And forc'd by dogged vsage to her shame,
If she another friend doe entertaine,
To giue her some content, and ease her paine,
Shall she be censur'd with disgracefull speeches,
And he stand cleere because he wears the breeches?

*Mars was
the first
Cuckold
maker.*

Awake great *Mars*, for sure thou art asleepe,
Or such iniustice thou would'st not let passe:
There was a time, when thou didst loue to keepe
And in a corner kisse a pretty Lasse:
And therefore if within thy fiery brest
Any quick sparke of warlike courage rest,
For old acquaintance sake doe women right,
And let them not be ouertrowne with might.

But *Mars* is deafe, and *iustice* will not heare,
And lawes are partiall against womens side,
And for because the cruell lawes are cleere
When women in another case are try'de,
That by their booke they shall receiue no fauour,
Which vnto wicked men is oft a *Sauour*:
They now suppose it is a great offence,
If they be heard to speake in their defence.

But they shall speake you forked *Vnicornes*,
And you shall heare them to your small content,
And in despight of your ambitious Hornes,
He stand as Champion for the Innocent:
And so display your basenesse and disgrace,
That children shall deride you to your face,
And Towne and countrie both, shall notice haue,
That euery *Cuckold* is a foole or knaue.

Peace

Pasquils Palinodia.

Peace idle Muse, quoth I, and be content,
Thou art too bitter, vehement and loud,
These rayling words will make vs both be shent,
For *Cuckolds* are growne mighty, rich, and proud,
And *wife-men* thinke it is the part of *fooles*
To be too busie meddling with edge-tooles:
And therfore be aduis'd, I doe implore thee, (thee.
Least with their horns, for barking, they doe gore

I care not for their greatnesse, she reply'de,
Nor doe I feare them though their horns looke high,
For presently let come what will betyde,
Into the Citty shall my Iourney lye;

Where I will ring all *Cuckolds* such a peale,
As shall quite shame them in the Common-weale.
Well then, said I, if nought will bring thee backe
Yet ere thou goe, lets drinke a pinte of *Sack*.

For now I saw, that in this raging fit
To vse perswasion was but further folly,
And that her passion had ext'd her wit,
And drown'd my Muse so deepe in melancholy,
That for to cure her was no other charme,
But with a cup of *Sack* to make her warme,
And heate her braines, which as all *Poets* finde,
Doth quicken wit, and quallifies the minde.

Betweene the *Muses* and the God of *wine*,
There is a league of kindenesse, peace and loue,
There consanguinity doth them combine,
Being begotten both by lusty *Ioue*,
So that, no Muse well bred, and truly borne,
Her naturall brothers companie can scorne,
And by their crownes their amity is seene,
One wearing *Lawrell*, th'other *Iuye* greene.

Pasquils Palinode.

And this to be the reason I suppose
That euery Iouiall *Poet* lones good liquour,
It is the *Heliconian* Butt, that sweetly flowes
With sprightly *Sack*, which makes inuention quicker,
And hee's no lawfull sonne vnto the *Muses*
That loyes small beere, and better drinck refuses,
Nor can a watrish wit the *Lawrell* win,
His Muse is lancke, and his conceit is thin.

And not alone haue *Poets* these conditions,
Merry conceited lads, and like their mothers,
But all their seruants, *Rymers* and *Musitions*,
And red-fac'd *Trumpetters*, with many others
Which haue with Crochers stait their *pericramions*,
Are still reputed to be good Companions,
And for this reason which is here presented,
My Muse to see the *Tauerne* was contented.

Yet to the Cittie faine she would haue gone,
Yeelding a reason for to draw me thither,
As that their wine was better ten to one
Neere to *th'exchange*, where Marchants meet together,
But I halfe Iealous, where great numbers be
That some grand *Cuckold* she might chance to see,
And in this heate of Furye fall to iarre,
Drew her along at last through *Temple-Barre*.

Keepe in your heads my Neighbours of the *Strand*,
And looke not out vntill my Muse be past,
Your Wines are good, for ought I vnderstand,
And you may be no *Cuckolds*, and they chaste,
Yet least my Muse might chance for to discry
Something might stirre her bile as she walkes by,
For peace-sake, I entreate you euery one,
You would pull in your heads, till she be gone.

Fairely

Pasquils Palinodia.

Fairely we marched on, till our approach
Within the spacious passage of the *Strand*
Obiected to our sight a *Summer-broath*,
Ycleap'd a *May-pole*, which in all our Land
No Citty, Towne, nor streete, can parrallell,
Nor can the lofty spire of *Clarken-well*,
Although he haue the vantage of a Rock,
Pearch vp more high his turning weather-cock.

Stay quoth my Muse, and here behold a signe
Of harmelesse mirth and honest neighborhood,
Where all the Parish did in one combyne,
To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood:
Where no *capritious Constables* disturbe them,
Nor Iustice of the peace did seeke to curbe them,
Nor peeuish Puritan in rayling sort,
Nor ouer-wise *Church-warden* spoyl'd the sport.

Happy the age, and harmelesse were the dayes,
(For then true loue and amity was found,)
When euery village did a May-pole raise,
And *Whisfun-ales*, and *May-games* did abound:
And all the lusty Yonkers in a rout
With merry Lasses daunc'd the rod about,
Then friendship to their banquets bid the guests,
And poore men far'd the better for their feasts.

Then raig'n'd plaine honest meaning, and good will,
And neighbours tooke vp points of difference,
In *Common lawes* the Commons had no skill,
And publique feasts were Courts of Conscience.
Then one graue Seriant at the *Common-pleas*
Might well dispatch the Motions at his ease,
And in his owne hands though he had the Law,
Yet hardly had a *Chym* worth a straw.

Pasquills Palinodia.

Then Lords of Castles, Mannors, Townes & Towers
Reioyc'd when they beheld the Farmers flourish,
And would come downe vnto the Sommer-Bowers
To see the Country gallants dance the Morris,
And sometimes with his tennants handsome daugh-
Would fall in liking, and espouse her after (ter
Vnto his Seruing-man, and for her portion
Bestow on him some Farme, without extortion.

But since the Sommer-poles were ouerthrowne,
And all good sports and merryments decayd,
How times and men are chang'd, so well is knowne
It were but labour lost if more were said:
And therefore Ile be silent, for I hold,
They will not mend although their faults be told,
Nor is it safe the spur-gal'd world to pricke,
For thers a lusty lade, and lades will kicke.

Alas poore *May-poles*, What should be the cause
That you were almost banish't from the earth?
You neuer were rebellious to the lawes,
Your greatest crime was harmelesse honest mirth;
What fell malignant spirit was there found,
To cast your tall *Piramides* to ground?
To be some enuious nature it appears,
That men might fall together by the eares.

Some fierie *Zealous Brother*, full of spleene,
That all the world in his deepe wisdoms scornes,
Could not endure the *May-pole* should be seene
To weare a cox-combe higher then his hornes,
He tooke it for an *Idoll*, and the feast
For sacrifice vnto that painted beast;
Or for the wooden *Troian Asse* of sinne,
By which the wicked merrie Greeks came in.

But

Pasquils Palinodia.

But I doe hope once more the day will come,
That you shall mount and pearch your *Cocks* as high
As ere you did, and that the Pipe and Drum,
Shall bid defiance to your enemy;

And that all *Fidlers* which in corners lurke,
And haue beene almost staru'd for want of worke,
Shall draw their *Crowds*, and at your exaltation
Play many a fit of merry recreation.

And thou my native towne, which was of old, *Leede*
(When as thy Bon-fiers burn'd, and May-poles stood,
And when thy Waffall-cups were vncontrol'd.)
The sommer-Bower of peace and neighborhood,
Although since these went down, thou ly'st forlorn
By factious schismes, and humors ouer-borne,
Some able hand I hope thy rod will raise,
That thou maist see once more thy happy daies.

And now conceiue vs to become as farre
As the perspicuous *fabrick* of the *Burse*,
Against which frame, the old *Exchange* makes warre,
Misdoubting that her trading would be worse
By the erection of that stately front,
Which cries *what lack ye*, when men looke vpon't:
But for thy takings, *Gresham*; take no care,
Thou wilt haue doings whilst thou hast good ware.

Whilst *Coaches* and *Caroaches* are ith world,
And women take delight to buy fond Bables,
And o're the stones whilst Ladies will be hurld:
For which their horses are still kept ith stables,
And whilst thy shops with prettie wenches swarm,
Which for thy custome are a kinde of charme
To idle gallants, thou shalt still be sure
To haue good vtterance for thy furniture.

And

Psquils Palinodia.

And therefore be not enuious, nor conspire
Against thy yonger *Sisters* small beginnings,
Thou art so rich thy trade cannot retyre,
And these poore thou need'st not feare her winnings,
If ought doe raise her head, (as who can tell?)
It is her *lowlinesse* will make things sell,
Her sole humility will vent her wares,
For if men wil not climb, she's come down stayers.

If she this open course had kept before,
And out of sight her shops had not withdrawne,
Doubtlesse her takings would haue been much more,
For points, gloues, garters, cambrick-smocks & lawn.
The man of trade which doth the world begin,
Seldome growes rich if he keepe shop within:
For by this meanes no custome can be gotten,
And ere he sell his wares, they will be rotten.

And therefore let a Tradesman that would thriue,
First get a shop in some faire streete of taking,
My next aduice is, that he fairely wiuue,
For such a toy, is many a yong-mans making,
Then let his shop be stufte on euery side
With new additions to increafe vaine pride,
And he shall see, great *Gallants* with huge *Branches*,
Light at his dore from Male and Female *Coaches*.

The *Burse* of *Brittaine* left behinde our backe,
Wee now aproach the crosse, ycleaped *Charing*,
A weather-beaten peece, which goes to wracke,
Because the world of Charitie is sparing,
Hang downe thy head, O *Westminster* for shame,
And all you *Lawyers* which passe by the same,
Blush (if you can) and are not brazen faced,
To see so faire a monument disgraced.

Doe

Pasquils Palinodia.

Doe you not see how *London* hath repaired
And trim'd her *Sister*, with great charge and cost?
And though her head was from her *shoulders* pared
Yet she is now restor'd, and fairely *cross*.

*The Crosse in
Cheape-side.*

Braue *Free-men*, I applaud you for this thing,
And will one day your further praises sing.
Meane while my Muse in commendation tels,
You keepe your *wines* most neate, and all things else.

It is a shame you *Gown'd-men of the Law*,
For tis with you that I must put the *Casse*,
Although I know you doe not care a straw
What I doe tell you, yet vnto your face
I say, it is a shame, and ill befits,
That you should sell your *shreds of Law & writts*
At so deere rate, to many a poore mans losse,
And not bestow one Fee to mend this *Crosse*.

For many pious *Acts and Monuments*,
The *Citie* will for euer be commended,
Many faire *Colledges* with goodly rents,
From zeale of *Kings and Bishops* are descended,
And many private men, our ages wonders
Haue vnto famous *Hospitals* beene founders,
But where furuiues that worke of *Charities*,
That from a *Lawyer* drawes his pedigree?

Redeeme your fame, you law-full *Barristers*,
And let the world speake better of your zeale,
The commons say, which are no flatterers,
That halfe the riches of the *Common-weale*

Is in your hands, or will be if you liue,
Because you alwaies take, and nothing giue.

And that your Fees which certaine were of old,
Are now vncertaine, like a Coppi-hold.

The Fynes.

And

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Pasquils Palinodia.

And yet they say you are so honest growne,
You will not take your Feete to plead a cause,
Though once you had a Fee, you now haue none,
That single word accords not with the Lawes:
It must come showing in a golden flood,
Or some of you will doe a man small good,
And whatso're men giue, you'l not forsake it,
Because you know that by the Law you take it.

Thus doe the *vulgers* talke, and you can tell
Whether this fame be true, or else a lyer,
But howsoere it be, you may doe well
To let poore *Charity* come neere your fire
And warme her selfe, that men no more may hold
The charity of *Lawyers* to be cold:
It will mens loue with admiration draw,
To see some *Gospell* ioyn'd with *Common-law*.

And for the first good worke of your deuotion,
When next you stampe to the spacious Hall,
Let *Charing-crosse* entreat you heare her Motion,
That for your succour by the way doth call,
Build vp her ruynes, and restore her glory,
Which time and graces hands made transitory.
And let her be as faire to looke vpon,
As is the stately Crosse at *Abington*.

Profit and honour certainly will spring
Both to your soules and calling by this sight,
Into your minde good motions it will bring,
As you passe by, to doe your *Clyents* right,
To your *vocation* will arise from hence
A good report, and greater reuerence,
When with a crosse she's top'd, & faire caru'd vnder
THIS IS THE LAWYERS WORKE, (good Reader wonder.)
To

Pasquils Palinodia.

To leaue conceits, that vanish as a dreame,
And which our age shall scarce report as true,
Let vs proceede to our intended *Theame*,
For now to *Westminster* wee neerer drew,
Which when I did consider, and withall
Into what danger we were like to fall
If we went thither, I began to thinke,
It were not best to goe so farre to drinke.

The reason why thus farre I did proceed
And traine my Muse along from *Temple-Barre*,
Was to auoid the object which did breed
The raging passion that did Reason marre,
Therefore I thought the further I conuaid her,
From sight of *Cuckolds*, which so furious made her,
She would be sooner pleas'd, because we finde
That out of sight is quickly out of minde.

But when I now conceau'd, that it might proue
As dangerous to goe forward, as retyre
(And that like to a *Flounder* I did moue
Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire)
Because through *Westminster* wild *Courtiers* range,
And if there be no *Cuckolds* it is strange,
Forward I durst not goe, but turned back,
Greatly perplexed where to drinke our *Sack*.

Whilst thus I walk't, much troubled and dismayde,
A voyce I heard which from a window spake,
And cald, *come hither* (so I thought it said)
And thereupon my spirit gan awake,
And vpward I did lift mine eyes to see
If that I knew the place, or who was he
That did me call, when by the *Signe* I found,
It was a shop whose wares lay vnder ground.

Pasquils Palinodia.

It is a place whereas old *Sherry sacke*
Is kept in durance in a dungeon deepe,
Attended by young *Beagles* at his backe,
Whose yawling throats will neuer let him sleepe,
But when that he would take his rest, they spowte
And grieuously they *hoope & pipe* about him, (him
And for to let him bloud they neuer stint,
Into a Gallon, Pottle, Quart, or Pint.

There lyes he *Prisoner* to the God of *Drinke*,
Entomb'd within a *Coffin* like a *Barrell*,
Because hee was so forward, as I thinke,
With good stale *English-Beere* to picke a quarrell:
For hee no sooner came vpon our shore
And met *March-beere*, which he nere saw before,
But straight perforce they two must try a fall
Where both were cast and spewd against the wall.

Which thing when *Bacchus* heard, he for them sent,
And *Sacke* condemn'd to dungeon darke as night,
Because he was so bold and insolent
On *English* ground against *March-Beere* to fight.
Beere by his doome was barreld vp aliue,
Because that with a stranger hee would strue,
But was committed to a lighter vault,
For in his owne defence he made th'affault.

Not farre from *Sherry sacke* in prison lye
Many braue *Spirits*, for the like offence,
Whom *Bacchus* vseth with great tyrannie,
And for their liberty will not dispence,
Vntill the cruell *Taylor*, with his spawne
Of litt'e *Currs*, in *peeces* hath them drawne,
And many hundred times hath let them blood,
Which he *sophisticates*, as he thinks good.

Pasquils Palinodia.

In dreadfull darkenesse *Alligant* lies drown'd,
Which marryed men inuoke for procreation,
Next vnto him briske *Claret* is fast bound,
Which addes to *Venison* more acceptation :
Another corner holds pale colour'd *White*,
Which to see *Iordane* doth a man incite,
And feeble *Renish* on the *Rack* there struiues,
And calls for helpe to Merchants and their wiuces.

Strong hoop'd in bonds are here constrain'd to
Two kinsmen nere allyd to *Sherry Suck*, (tarry,
Sweet *Malliga*, and delicate *Canary*,
Which warme the stomacks that digestion lacke;
They had a *Page* whom, if I can make meete,
He let you know, they call'd him *See mee Peter*,
But being found, he did no great offence,
Paying his fees, he soone was drawne from thence.

Farre in the Dungeon lyes a dainty youth,
With his sweet Brother, as their names make known,
Vnlawfully begotten in the *South*,
And therefore are call'd Bastards, *white* and *browne*.
For loue to these haue women beene convicted,
And still vnto them some are so addicted
Although with other drinks their minds are plea-
Yet without *Bastard* they are neuer eased (led,

Within the vtmost limits of this Cell,
Surrounded with great *Hogs-heads* like to burst,
Old *Muscadine* without his egges doth dwell,
And *Malmsey* though last nam'd, yet not the worst :
Yet these are better vs'd then all the rest,
For seldome doe the *Beazles* them molest,
But in a morne, for then our vse is most,
To call for these, and drinke them with a Tost.

Pasquits Palinodia.

Compast with fetters, these and many more
Tumble in darknesse one vpon another,
And neuer are in quiet, till the *score*
Kept by the *Taylor's* wife, an aged mother,
Hath drawne them dry, and then againe they vent
And in another *case* a new torment them, (them,
And sometime cruell *Sarafina* doe roll them,
Which are so stubborn, that none dare controule them.

Porters.

Yet none of all these are more hardly vsed,
Then is that true good-fellow *Sherry Sack*,
If you should heare how much he is abused
You needs must weepe, or else remorse you lacke,
Trodden with feete, sold like a slave, rackt, iumbl'd,
Let blood, drawn dry, and by tell *Porters* tumbld,
And least all these base wrongs should not prouoke him,
With *Xesso* they him purge, with *Lime* they choake him.

Thus colde and comfortlesse is he confin'd,
Vnto a hideous Caeue, resembling hell,
Whereas the *Suns* bright beames yet neuer shin'd,
Nor can he heare *Cocke* crow, nor sound of *Bell*,
Nor know how time doth passe, for all his light
Is from a *Candle*, both by day and night,
And all the company which doe frequent him,
Are onely nimble *Spirits* that torment him.

Late in the night when most men are asleepe,
And few are stirring, but theeues, catrs, and crickets,
Into the vault the *Taylor* downe doth creepe,
Where how he deales with *bung-holes* & with *spickets*
I cannot tell, yet some men doe relate,
He makes these strangers proue *adulterate*,
And thats the cause when women thereof tast
They fall to lewdnesse and become vchast,

For

Pasquils Palmodia.

For to beget a wife well featur'd childe,
Some haue prescrib'd, that men must vse good dyet,
With vnfound meate the body is defilde,
And with bad Wine the humours made enquier,
Good wine doth breed good blood which makes me thinke
If wiues are naught, tis long of naughty drinke;
For Woman, is by kinde a vertuous creature,
If vicious potions doe not change her nature.

From these close-*Seller* iumblings doe arise
Great harmes, and much annoyance to mans body,
For false impostur'd wines doe hurt the eyes,
And turne a wife man oft into a hoddie;
Within the braine vile excrements they gather,
Which vnto most diseases are the Father,
As deafenesse, rheums, coughs, gouts, & distillati-
Convulsions, palsies, itch, and inflammations.

These are the cause of quarrells and debate,
Wrath, Wounds, Disorder, Lust, and fornication,
For note, how long men drinke immaculate
And honest Wine, without sophistication,
So long mad passion is stayde Reasons slaue,
But when the Drawer once doth play the knaue,
And makes his Wine dishonest, and turne whore,
Then presently the Boyes begin to rore.

And now I call to minde a pretty Tale,
My Tutor told me when I was a Boy,
Of some old Souldiers (if I do not faile)
He cald them *Greekes*, that sackd the Towne of *Troy*,
The sacking was by base compounded *Sacks*,
Which laid the *Troians* sencelesse on their backs,
And euer since good Fellowes for the same,
True *Troians* and mad *Greekes* haue had to name.

*Inuadunt vr-
bem vino.*

Where

Pasquils Palinodia.

Troiznant. Where *Troy* did stand, I almost haue forgot,
Vnlesse it was where *London* now is seated,
For sure no *Troian* better lou'd the pot,
Nor with old *Sack* hath oftner beene defeated
Than hath our *Citty Troian*; yet I gather
It stood about the Ile of *Tenes* rather,
For (as I well remember,) he did say
The Island *Tenedos* stood in the way.

But let the *Poets* place it where they will,
And tell of doughty warriors clad in Steele,
How stiffe *Achilles* did stout *Hector* kill,
And drag'd his body beastly by the heele,
These are but fictions; for the truth is plaine,
The *Troians* were but drunk, there was none slaine,
And what wise man will say, they were not drunk,
To fight ten years about a restie Punke?

But when the Souldiers were with *Sack* suppressed,
And some of them lay weltring in their goare,
And some on Beds and Benches fowlie dressed,
So gap'd for breath, that one might heare them snore,
And all the drunken *Troians* were asleepe
In their disgorged pickle laid to sleepe,
Homewards the merry Greekes returned singing,
Yet hauing little cause to boast their winning.

For hereupon blinde *Homer* tells a fable,
Of wonders that befell in their retire,
How *Circe* with a potion execrable
Conuerted them to hogs be-dawb'd in mire,
And how the *Syren* with her pleasant laies,
Sung sweetly vnto them whom she betraies,
Whereas the *Morall* is, that wine compounded,
At *Mermaide*, into swine those Greeks confounded.
This

Pasquils Palinodia.

Tis not the virgin liquor of the grape
That turnes a man into a filthy swine,
A Goate, an *Asse*, a *Lyon*, or an *Ape*,
Such beastly fruits spring neuer from the Vyne,
Brisk blushing *Claret*, and faire maiden *Sherry*,
Makemen couragious, louing, wise, and merry:
It is adulterous wine that playes the Puncke,
And robs men of their reason being drunke.

By this time I suppose you may coniecture
What this darke Dungeon is, and that the house
Of which my Muse hath read so long a Lecture,
Is nothing but a *Schoole* where men carroufe,
And learne to drinke; a little common-wealth,
Where euery man is free to drinke a health,
And none denide that can discharge the *score*:
In brieft, it is a *Tauerne*, and no more.

The strangers there captiu'd you well discouer
As being with them doubtlesse well acquainted,
And therefore vainely to recite them ouer,
My Muse of *surplussage* would be attainted,
Yet of their *Taylor* I must needs complaine,
Which doth with so great strictnesse them restrain
That without money none their sight comes neer,
And then attir'd in *Pewter* they appeare.

The *Bush* did wag, the Dog did shake his tayle,
When first my Muse and I approach'd the wicket,
The *Drawers* bid vs welcome and *al-haile*,
And ask't what was our pleasures with the *spicket*,
I cald for their directions how to finde,
From whence the voyce was to mine eares inclin'd
When straight anon a nimble *Mercurie*,
Brought vs vp staires among good companie.

Pasquils Palinodia.

It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,
That vnto *Bacchus* hath his dedication,
When mad braynd *Prentises*, that no men feare
O'rethrow the dens of *bawdie* recreation,
When *Tailors, Coblers, Plaist'ers, Smiths & Masons*,
And euery Rogue will beate down *Barbers Basons*,
Whereat *Don Constable* in wrath appeares,
And runs away with his stout *Halberdiers*.

It was the day whereon both rich and poore,
Are chiefly feasted with the selfe same dith,
When euery Paunch till it can hold no more,
Is *Fritter-fild*, as well as heart can with,
And euery *man* and *maide* doe take their turne,
And tosse their Pancakes vp for feare they burne,
And all the Kitchin doth with laughter sound,
To see the Pancakes fall vpon the ground.

It was the day when enery Kitchin reekes,
And hungry bellies keepe a *Iubile*,
When *Flesh* doth bid adew for diuers weekes,
And leaues *old Ling* to be his deputie,
Though carnall Libertines are so inclin'd,
That still they loue to tast what is confin'd,
For all their humors are so violent
They'le rather fast at *Easter* than in *Lent*.

It was the day when *Pullen* goe to block,
And euery Spit is fil'd with belly Tymber,
When *Cocks* are cudgel'd down with many a knock,
And *Hens* are thrasht to make them short and timber,
When Country wenches play with stoole & ball,
And run at *Barly-breake* vntill they fall,
And country Lads fall on them in such fort,
That after forty weekes they rew the sport.

And

Pasquils Palinodia.

And on this day, the Feast to magnifie
Of merry *Bacchus*, which did heare *reside*,
Within this *Tauerne* met a company
Of true, kinde, honest hearts, quite void of pride,
That good companions and good husbands are,
And know both how to spend and how to spare,
That can be merry and yet neuer quarrell,
Nor drowne their wits and reason in a Barrell.

And heare with many welcomes were receiued
My Muse and I, and fell to drinking *Sherry*,
Where after some few cups, as I conceiued,
So it fell out, my Muse grew passing merry,
And from her sullen humour which did raigne,
She was transported to a better vaine,
And gan to sing, like to a *Ioniall drinker*,
In praise of *Sack*, and tun'd it to the *Tinker*.

*Ille liquor doctus
voca inflectere
cantu,*

*Qui cantu arte
canat, qui bibis
arte bibas.*

Come hither learned Sisters,
and leaue your *forked Mountaine*,
I will you tell where is a *Well*,
doth far exceed your *Fountaine*,
Of which, if any *Poet*,
doe taste in some good measure,
It straight doth fill, both his head and quill,
with ditties full of pleasure,
And makes him sing giue me *Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
to make the Muses merry,
The life of mirth, and the ioy of the earth,
Is a cup of good olde *Sherry*.

* *Parnassus.*

* *Castalius.*

*Frustra poeticas
foras composui
populis,*

Pasquils Pallmodia.

* Appollo.

Tis not the God of * *Physicke*,
nor his *Apothecary*,
Nor all his Drugs, that stand in Iuggs,
with Potions ordinary,

*Exultatio anima
& corporis vini.*

That now shall be regarded,
or had in any wonder,

His Vrinall against the wall,
he now may pisse asunder.

For we haue found *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
which makes a sick man merry,
The life, &c.

*Facit ad incun-
ditatem, ad ani-
matem corporis,
ad vita aqut a-
tem bonos mores.*

It is the true *Nepemhes*

which makes a sad man frolicke,

And doth redresse all heauinesse,
cold Agues and the Chollicke,

It takes away the crutches,
from men are lame and cripled,

And dries the pose, and rheums of the nose,
if it be soundly tipled.

Then let vs drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
which makes vs sound and merry,
The life, &c.

*Liberat serulcio
durarum animi,
& affert vegeti-
orem & audacis-
rem in omnes
conatus facit.*

It is the River *Lethe*,

where men forget their crosses,

And by this drinke they neuer thinke,
of pouerty and losses,

It giues a man fresh courage,
if well he sup this *Nectar*,

And cowards soft, it lifts aloft,

and makes them stout as *Heefor*,

Then let vs drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
which makes vs stout and merry.
The life, &c.

*In praelia tradit
inermem.*

Pasquils Palinodia.

It is the well of *Concord*,
where men doe take vp quarrells,
When loue doth lacke, by drinking *Sacke*
they draw it from the *Barrells*.
If drunkards are vnruely,
whom *Claret* hath enflamed,
With a cup or two, this *Sacke* can doe,
they sleepe, and so are tamed.
Then let vs drinke *old Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
which makes vs kinde and merry,
The life, &c.

The *Broth* with Barly sodden,
compares not with this licker,
The Draymans *Beere* is not so cleere,
and foggy *Ale* is thicker:
Matheglin is too fullsome,
cold *Cyder* and raw *Perry*,
And all drinks stand with Cap in hand
in prefence of old *Sherry*.
Then let vs drinke *old Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
which makes vs blythe and merry,
The life, &c.

No fiery red-fac'd *Claret*,
attended with his *Borrage*,
No *Renish* wine that's pissing fine,
nor white, that cooles the courage,
No base begotten *Bastard*,
nor bloud of any *Berry*,
Can raise the *Braine* to such a straine,
nor make the heart so merry.
Then let vs drinke *old Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
which makes vs blythe and merry,
The life, &c.

Omni animi
asperitas dulciori
succo mitigatur
leuis transitum
spiritus, ac mol-
liores efficit
meatus.

Bibant & furo-
ris sui non recor-
dentur.

Qui bene bibis
bene dormis.

Multa alia posi-
ones sunt, quibus
in penaria homi-
nes viuunt, ta-
men inter omnes
hoc vinum sanet,
quia datur nobis
ad necessitatem,
ad sanitatem, &
ad hilaritatem.

Hec vinum acidi
mignium.

Pasquils Palinodia.

The *Citizen* loues fiddling,
that he may friske and caper,
The *Scholler* looks vpon his bookes,
and pores vpon a Paper.
The gentle bloud likes hunting
where dogs doe trace by smelling,
And some loue hawks, some groues, & walks,
and some a handsome dwelling.
Yet all these without *Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
makes no man kindly merry.
The life, &c.

*Sacke super
omnia,*

*Primum dicitur
quia vinculum
societatis,*

*Sine Cerere &
Sacco friget
Vritus.*

The knot of harty friendship,
is by good *Sacke* combyned,
They loue no *Iarrs*, nor mortall *warrs*,
that are to *Sacke* inclined,
Nor can he be dishonest,
whom *Sacke* and *Sugar* feedeth,
For all men see, hee's fat and free,
and no ill humour breedeth.
Then let vs drinke *old Sack*, *old Sacke* boyes,
that makes vs fat and merry,
The life, &c.

*U: cor per cristum
etiam contrahitur
& corpesce, ita
per vini laticiam
laxatur & titil-
las.*

*Rugae frontis
abib.*

A quart of *Sacke* well burned,
and drunke to bed-ward wholly,
I dare be bold doth cure the cold,
and purgeth *Melancholly*,
It comforts aged persons,
and seemes their youth to render,
It warms the braynes, it fills the vaines,
and fresh bloud doth ingender.
Then let vs drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
which makes vs warme and merry,
The life, &c.

Sacke

Pasquils Palinodia.

Sacke makes a faithfull subiect,
that doth no treason study,
Nor doth he thinke, when he takes this drink,
of plotting murthers bloudy,
He loues his King and Country,
from whom he neuer started,
The great black *Iack* well filld with *Sack*,
doth make the *Guard* true-hearted.
Then let vs drinke *old Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
which makes true Subiects merry,
The life &c.

In rimaveritis e.

No care comes neere this fountaine,
where ioy and mirth surpasse,
And the God of drink stands vp to the brink,
all arm'd in *Venice* glasses,
And calls vpon good Fellowes,
that are both wise and merry,
That about this Spring, they wold dance and
and drinke a cup of *Sherry*. (sing,
Then let vs drinke *old Sacke*, *old Sacke* boyes,
which makes vs wise and merry,
And about this Spring, let vs dance and sing,
and drinke a cup of *Sherry*.

*Elis curat, et
ab imo animum
mouet.*

*Aliquando in
alkatiuum et li-
bertatem est an-
mas extrahen-
das, tristisque
sobrietas remo-
uenda paulisper.*

Thus sung my Muse, and thus the stormes were laid,
And she grew debonaire and fairely calme.
When any Muse with rage is ouer-swaide,
Let *Poets* learne it is a soueraigne balme,

To wet their pipes with good facetious *Sherry*,
Which makes them iocund & most sweetly merry,
And thus I brought her home, wher now she rests,
The feast is done, y are welcome all my guests.

*Facundi calices
quem non fecere
disertum?*

Aliquando in sanire incundissimum est.

F I N I S.

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